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no dignity at all, much less, indeed, than my friend Erasmus Jackson, D.D., Parson of Pigwackett Centre. In fact, if you'll observe her, you'll find that she sometimes actually slides along in a happy medium between vulgarity and low comedy, which is, however, just as much nature in its way as if she confined her operations to genteel thunder-storms among aristocratic Alps, or manufactured nothing but Lakes of Como or Mount Zions.

Well, as I was saying, boys and humble sort of people are privileged by their simplicity to watch with interest a great deal which the ripest poet or painter or "observer" can't do, though they may have the best will in the world to do it; simply because by growing up, or, I should say, by getting educated, they lose the faculty of wondering.

When you wake up from an uncommonly wild dream, common-sense really seems to be trying her very best to keep you from remembering it. I declare I've sometimes thought I could see the goblin scene-shifters pulling at the curtain so as to make it come down quicker and keep you from catching a glimpse at any of the playing. Just in this way does nature hurry and flurry to keep the man who has awoke to the realities of life from remembering the boy-dreams among apple-blossoms and clover. You don't know, sir, how much you used to watch trees and sunshine, birds and rivers when you were a boy. You've no conception how much more than any men *some* boys feel the life of new scenes. Finally, we don't know, or don't like to admit, how much of the enjoyment which we now have of beautiful things is, after all, only the boy-feelings served up over again. Of course, because we like to imagine that such enjoyment is all "intellect" and education, which the boy hasn't had at all.

I *had* to say all this: I always felt from the beginning that a time must come when I'd have to say it, because I know that the world can't understand that the young or the uneducated have any part or share in watching the beauties of nature. I had to say that Mace Sloper, who is just on a level with an immense lot of his country fellow-men, has reasons for believing that he and they can enjoy by the hour, sky and waves and mountains; the Hudson River and the Palisades, Sleepy Hollow and corn-fields just as well as anybody, just as naturally, and just on the same grounds. Sir, I'm very much afraid that most of your love of these things didn't come out of your boyhood. I'm afraid you pumped some of it out of that little book of poetry. I don't blame you: it's very fine, but it isn't *your own*.

I feel the old ideas, the old simplicity, and best of all, the old hopes come over me very often in the woods in summer-time, when I lie down and watch the branches swaying, and see the clusters of leaves opening and parting between me and the far away sky. They all live up there such a different sort of a life from what I do, greening and fanning and wavering the whole summer long, without a thought. So cool and clean, so pure and free from mortal meanness and smartness and trick and 'cuteness. They would shame me, if I didn't know that if they had thinking souls they would be too good to do anything save love. If there's anything I'd like nevermore to see, it would be never to look at any fresh blooming thing crushed, broken, brought down. A green leaf in a puddle, a plant snapped off, bark stripped away, all look to me a *little* like devil's work. It is a sin to stop short any creation which is living for light.

BESIDES the universal practice of copying the ancients, there has prevailed in every age a particular species of fiction. At one time, all truth was conveyed in allegory; at another, nothing was seen but in a vision; at one period, all the poets followed sheep, and every event produced a pastoral; at another they busied themselves wholly in giving directions to a painter.—*Johnson*.

## Literary Record.

EDUCATION, by Herbert Spencer, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

If read, properly digested, and even partially carried into practice, the precepts set forth in the volume of Mr. Spencer, now before us, must be of great importance to our people. In no country in the world is there so much of instruction and so little of education as in this country. Our public and private schools, our colleges, in fact, all our public life is congenial enough to the spread of a moderate amount of instruction. Education, however, properly understood, being mainly dependent upon the family, as an educating instrument, is in a very rudimentary state. It may be that a long period of time is necessary to bring the family to such a point as to make it satisfactorily effective in this way—it may be that our outward and material life impoverishes our family growth—disturbs its integrity, and renders it abortive in the cultivating of all our children's faculties; it may be that dazzled and carried away by seeing the industrial and commercial prosperity of a young country, we are unmindful of the education of the rising generations, upon whose judicious cultivation the future safety of the country must ultimately rest. But if this be the case, and we are not prepared to deny it, it is full time to ponder over it, to see its fatal consequences; and in doing so, to guard against them. If present generations had no important bearing upon future ones, our apathy, indifference, or mistakes, might terminate with our own lives; but unfortunately, our evils of omission and commission go along with the stream of time, and poison every fresh fountain that contributes to swell its volume. If it be true that our physical structure determines for good or evil our moral and intellectual faculties, and if it be true that we are physically deteriorating, notwithstanding the constant influx of the parent blood from foreign countries, we should make it a religious duty to look into the matter, and to act as a liberal and wise interpretation of the facts would, or should lead us to act. Our pride, independence, ambition, and even in many cases, our avarice, provoke us to make frightful sacrifices to get money, as without money, according to our present standard of thinking, there is no place for us in society. But is not the undue subordination of our moral duties, to worldly inclinations and pursuits fraught with the worst consequences? is it not a violation of the natural order of things? is it not placing the inorganic over the organic, the material over the moral? It is for our thinking men to look this matter in the face, to awaken public attention to our educational condition, far more important than all the political questions that agitate us.

Mr. Spencer has opened the door for us, has set before us the principles which ought to govern us; shall we not hear him, shall we not profit by what he has written?

Would not our family life soon improve by observing what he has said, and would not our social life soon partake of this improvement. Now we can never expect a true condition of public life unless it is founded upon the basis of a well regulated family and social life. As it is now, we ourselves breed the very political and other vermin which crawl around us, and vitiate our national machinery. We hope that this volume of Mr. Spencer will bear good fruit in our midst, we hope it will set aside our false and deluding idols, and that our young people particularly, will open their minds to its wholesome truths.